



VOL. XXI.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1853.

NO. 37.



"Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."

SOILING CATTLE ON INDIAN CORN.

Almost every one knows the benefit of having a patch of corn sowed, for the benefit of his cow, in August, when the grass begins to diminish in quantity.

The value of corn however for feeding or soiling cattle all summer, is not generally considered or known among us in Maine. Soiling or feeding cattle on green food, gathered for them by hand, while they are kept shut up in the yard, is but little if any practised among us. Where a person has pasture range enough, it would not be profitable for him to adopt soiling, unless by having a good market for milk, he could thus find a corresponding source of profit to meet the outlay and expense of daily cutting and feeding. Still it may be well to know how this business of soiling is done in some places, and that Indian corn has been recently adopted as an excellent feed for this purpose.

We find the following facts in a report of the discussions at a meeting of the Farmers Club of the American Institute in New York, as published in the "New York Agriculturist," from which we abridge the statements here given.

Mr. Bell, of Morrisiana, keeps on hand from 100 to 150 head of cattle. He appropriates ten acres to the production of green food for a herd. This he plants in the fall eight inches deep. Twenty-five ox loads of good barn yard manure are applied to the acre, which is plowed in, the ground is harrowed in spring, and about the middle of April, (little earlier than we can do it in Maine,) the corn is sown broad cast, at the rate of four bushels to the acre.

As soon as this way: spaces of fifteen feet are taken, and in sowing he goes down one side and up the other, and then gives an additional cast; this is necessary as it would not be thick enough in going over twice, but it takes more seed. He thinks it advisable to sow it after potatoes; at any rate he prefers to have it later previously cultivated, and no seed. He sows the first acre between the middle of April and first of May, and plows the seed in four inches, as he has found that in harrowing, it is not half covered. A light rolling is then given. The variety of corn used is the yellow North River corn.

On the 10th of May he sows the second acre, on the 20th an acre, and on the 30th an acre. Again on the 10th of June he sows another acre, on the 20th an acre, and on the 30th an acre, and the same course pursued in July, until the ten acres have been sown over.

The first acre begins to be cut on the 15th of July, and lasts until 15th of August. The second from 15th of August to 25th of September, and so he goes on taking the acres in rotation, until the whole is exhausted. The ten acres he says supply his 100 cows for more than three months, but in order to help their milking qualities he gives feeds of meal. He has fenced off one acre and half for a cowyard, which allows exercise to his cattle.

He thinks he can pasture as many cattle on ten acres as he could soil on fifty acres of land. He finds the outlay for labor for soiling, is of course greater than mere pasturing would require, but he obtains a large quantity of excellent manure.

He finds that the milk is quite as abundant when fed in this way, as on pasture, and of a richer quality, and he has from 1000 to 1200 quarts per day during the season.

Professor Mapes stated that he soils twenty head of cattle, but instead of letting them turn in a yard, he keeps them tied in stalls, and has kept them thus six years without being removed, unless when making some alteration in the premises.

We should think this rather a long time to keep cattle in a stall, but he avers that if they be kept clean, and the stalls well ventilated they continue healthy.

HARVESTING CORN.

The crop of Indian corn will be very good in this State. Owing to the drought during a part of the season, the ears will probably not be so well filled out as they are in some years, but the kernel will probably be large, full and sound. Most of the crop is nearly ripe now, and every appearance indicates that the harvest will come on earlier than usual. Various systems are followed among us in regard to securing this valuable crop. The old method—one which was handed down to us by the "pilgrims" of Plymouth, is—first to cut the stalks from the ears in August, and, after drying them sufficiently, to shock them up and let them stand until late, when they are put into the barn for fodder during the winter.

The ears are then allowed to stand until "dead ripe," and the husks begin to start off, away about the middle of October, when they are cut up close to the ground, carted to the barn and husked. Some, however, pick the ears off into baskets allowing the butts, as they are called, to stand to be partly eaten by cattle which are turned in upon them. Unless these butts are to be ploughed under, this mode of harvesting we consider rather wasteful. Another mode, and one which has become more prevalent among us in Maine, is to let the stalks be, but to cut the corn down as soon as the kernel becomes glazed, and to put into moderately sized "stooks" or "shocks," and allow it to stand and ripen until it is convenient to husk it.

Two advantages are gained by this mode, which are of some importance to us who live in so high a latitude, viz: We thus avoid all risk of losing the corn by an early autumnal frost, should one happen, and we find the fodder much better than if the corn were suffered to stand

until fully ripe. On the other hand, the corn, though not quite as heavy per bushel, is nevertheless sweet and good.

Corn thus harvested, after being husked should not be put into close bins, but placed in some dry, airy situation, for further drying. The cob will be found to retain considerable sap, and it should have a chance to evaporate, or the corn will become mouldy. Ears of corn, thus harvested, which are to be saved for seed, should be saved with some husks adhering to them, and these braided with others, and the corn thus braided together, be hung up in your corn house or garret, until spring, or you wish to use it. In this way it will not only become thoroughly ripened, but it can also be conveniently preserved until needed. We have often known seed corn, which was apparently perfectly ripe, to heat when packed away in bins or barrels, and its germinating powers entirely destroyed, to the no small loss and damage of those who planted it.

HARVESTING BEANS.

As the grasshoppers in many sections of the State, are making destruction with some crops, it will be well to commence harvesting as soon as any product which they attack, will any how this business of soiling is done in some places, and that Indian corn has been recently adopted as an excellent feed for this purpose.

If pulled and laid by themselves a short time to wilt, they may then be stacked or "stooked" as it is called, and allowed to dry and ripen at their leisure.

The best way to do this has been found to be something like the following: Drive one or two short stakes into the ground which shall be a foot in height from the surface. These are to keep the leaves when placed upon them, so they shall not touch the ground; if they rest upon the ground they will be very likely to rot. On each side of these short stakes, drive one that shall be four or five feet high. The beans may then be packed loosely between these two highest stakes—their tops to the centre and their roots outward. In this way they may be suffered to become dry, at which time they will be found to be fully ripened, and generally in a good condition.

Several other modes are adopted by which they can be ripened after being pulled. Any of them will do well, provided they are kept from the ground, and not packed together in two large masses, so that the air cannot work somewhat freely through the heap or "stook."

GRAFTING THE LILAC ON THE ASH. In answer to our queries respecting grafting the lilac on the ash, Mr. Morrill Stanley, of Winthrop, informs us, that he tried the experiment by engraving scions of the lilac bush upon a young ash in the usual way. They took well, and grew luxuriantly, but were unfortunately broke out by a high wind, and thus destroyed.

CURRENTS GRAFTED ON THE MAPLE. A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, says, that he transplanted into his door yard a young thorny maple, and engrafted into it scions from a currant bush. They grew well and when ripe looked very handsome. He says you must not graft until the sugar water ceases to run.

For the Maine Farmer.

DON'T SELL YOUR BEST STOCK.

Don't allow these speculators and drovers to pick out the likeliest and best of your stock, leaving you only the ordinary and the poorest, to breed from. It is the worst policy you can adopt. By continuing such a course, it will be but a short time before you will have only ordinary and poor to select from. Supposing you can get a little more for those likely lumps than for the others, you will do well to remember that it costs no more to keep them than it does a poor one; and next shearing time the large fleeces will tell the story in favor of keeping the best you have.

If you intend to make a practice of raising a calf every year, keep the best mare you can afford. Haven't you noticed that when a man comes to purchase a young horse he is always particular to know all about the stock, &c., before he concludes his trade? Keep the best, then, for yourself.

Don't sell your best cow because you can get five dollars more for her. Keep her, and she will more than make up the difference even another year comes round. Just so with everything. Select the best seed for your own use, and you will always have as good as any one, and be sure of the highest prices for any one you wish to dispose of. Think of it.

New Sharon, August, 1853.

For the Maine Farmer.

LEAD WATER PIPES.

Ma. Editor:—I noticed a communication, a short time since, in the Maine Farmer, (No. 30,) copied from the Manchester (N. H.) Democrat, concerning the "deleterious effects" of water passing through lead pipes. The writer states that a "gentleman caught a couple of trout and placed them in a trough, the water of which was supplied through a lead pipe. In less than three hours they were both dead. Suspicious of the reason of this sudden death, he determined to make another trial, and placed in the trough another trout. The same result followed in less time, and he made a third experiment, and the result was still the same." I made a similar trial in a tub, the water of which is supplied through a lead pipe nearly one hundred rods in length. The tub contains about forty gallons. On the 4th of this month, I placed in the tub three trout, taken from the "pure, sparkling stream," and they are yet remaining healthy and playful.

A. L. BARTON.

Dexter, August 25, 1853.

NOTE. It has been found that when the water is pure in the spring, it will not act upon the lead; but when the fountain contains mineral matter or other impurities, it will act upon lead, and of course be poisonous to trout and other animals.

For the Maine Farmer.

BONE DUST—QUERY.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in your paper of August 11th, an article written by Mr. H. P. French, of Exeter, N. H., in which he speaks of using bone dust. Cannot you, through the columns of your most excellent paper, give some information in regard to "the dust?" Where, and at what price, a machine can be procured which would probably take to propel it? &c. &c.

Northport, Aug. 22, 1853.

NOTE. Bone dust can be obtained at the Agricultural Warehouse in Boston, for from 37 1/2 cents to 50 cents per bushel. Mr. Nahum Wood, of Roxbury, Mass., is the only person that we know of who grinds bones in New England. Mr. Ellis of Waterville, formerly ground them in his plaster mill. A common mill for grinding plaster does very well for grinding bones. Cast iron mills, such as are used for grinding bark, have been used, but they are not the best. The cheapest kind would be the old fashioned bark-mill, made by a large millstone set up on edge on a shaft, and carried round in a curb by a horse.

Ed.

On Manure.

Best improved sward plow, 2; 2d, 1.  
Best do. seed plow, 2; 2d, 1.  
Best do. rakes, 1.  
Best do. hay forks, 1.  
Best do. manure forks, 1.  
Best do. shovels, 1.  
Best do. hoes, 1.  
Best do. narrow axes, 1.  
Best improved horse-rake, 1.  
Best single sleigh, 2.  
Best single wagon, 2.  
Best sleigh or wagon harness, 1.  
Best do. calf skin finished, 1.  
Best sole leather, 1.  
Best finished leather of any other kind, 1.  
Best 6 pairs thick boots, 1.  
Best 2 pairs sewed calf boots, 1.  
Best 2 pairs ladies' kid shoes, 1.  
Best specimen cabinet work, 2.

For any new and useful improvement in any farm machine or implement, from 1 to 5, according to its value, at the discretion of the Committee.

For any new and useful improvement in any household machine, implement or article of furniture calculated to lighten the labors of females, from 1 to 5, at the discretion of the Committee.

Dairy Products.

Best butter, 25 pounds or more—June butter to have the preference—a silver butter-knife and 1; 2d, silver butter-knife or 2; 2d, 1.  
Best cheese, 50 pounds or more; 3; 2d, 2; 3d, 1.  
On Bread.  
Best specimen of flour bread, 1.  
Best rye and Indian bread, 1.  
Best bread of any other kind, 1.  
Written statements of the manner of making bread will be required.

Household Manufactures.

Best full cloth, 10 yards or more; 2; 2d, 1.  
Best wool flannel, 10 yds. or more; 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
Best cotton and wool flannel, 10 yds. or more, 1.  
Best woolen yarn carpeting, 5 yards or more, 1; 2d, 1.  
Best rag carpeting, 6 yds. or more; 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
Best hearth rug, 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
Best 2 pairs worsted hose, 50 cents.  
Best woolen shawl, 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
Best 6 pairs men's worsted half hose, 50 cents.  
Best bedspread, 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
Best lamp-mat, 50 cents.  
Best knit tippet, 50 cents.  
Best knit over-shoes, 50 cents.  
Best wrought shoes, 50 cents.  
Best 2 pairs mittens, 50 cents.  
Best specimen raised worsted work, 50 cents.  
Best 6 pairs men's worsted half hose, 50 cents.  
Best straw hats, 5 or more, 1.  
Best specimen needle work, 1; 2d, 50 cents.

On Manure.

Ten cords compost manure of best quality, prepared at least expense, by any new process, a statement in writing to be given of materials used, mode of preparation, expense, &c.; 4; 2d, 3.

Farm Accounts.

Best account of farm operations for the season, giving the management of stock, crops, any improvement in fencing, plowing, seeding, cultivating and harvesting crops, &c., together with expenses and income of the farm, to be presented to the Committee on Crops on or before the first Monday in January, and premium awarded by them, 3.  
Best stock of most cattle, from and belonging to any one farm, not less than ten head, Youngs on Cattle, and Farmer's Dictionary, or their value in other books.  
For best managed farm, (persons wishing to compete for this premium to notify the Secretary before the first Monday in January, and their farms to be examined by the Visiting Committee of the Society, and premiums to be awarded by them at their next annual meeting.) Coleman's European Agriculture, and the American Farm Book, or their value in other books.

The Trustees decided to adopt the following Rules:—The same rule or article shall take the same premium in the same class, but once, nor be allowed to take a lower premium in rank, than has previously been taken by the same.

Committees.

On Horses. Samuel S. Parker, John M. Libbey, Waterville; Grant Gilpatrick, Unity; Silas Hoxie, Fairfield; Jonathan Snow, Vassalboro'.  
On Bulls. Isaac W. Britton, Winslow; John Otis, Fairfield; Thomas Fowler, Unity; Lauriston Guild, Sidney; John F. Hunnewell, China; Edward Pascoe, Vassalboro'.  
On Cows. Ichabod Gifford, Vassalboro'; George Lincoln, Albion; Abner Buck, Fairfield; Henry Morrill, Waterville; Amos Perkins, Bangor.  
On Steers and Calf Cows. Joseph Taylor, Bangor; Haines L. Crosby, Waterville; Eli French, Sidney; Richard H. Gifford, Waterville; Madison Crowell, Bangor.  
On Goats. H. G. Abbott, Vassalboro'; Wm. Marston, Waterville; Charles Burgess, Fairfield; Amasa Taylor, China; Eliphalet Flagg, Bangor.  
On Hens. Warren Percival, Vassalboro'; Hiram Crowell, Waterville; Zealous Down, Albion; Obed Emery, Fairfield; E. G. Sawtelle, Sidney.  
On Sheep. Harrison Jaquith, Albion; J. S. S. Cummings, Bangor; John A. Judkins, Waterville; Hall C. Burleigh, Fairfield; Ezra Pray, Albion; Albert Goodspeed, Vassalboro'.  
On Swine. Chas. H. Keith, Winslow; Levi Ricker, Waterville; Alfred Foster, Fairfield; Ephraim Hussey, Albion; Wm. Weeks, Vassalboro'.  
On Poultry. J. B. Shurtleff, Winslow; Wm. Burgess, Fairfield; Cyrus Wheeler, 2d, Waterville; Alpheus Crosby, Albion; John B. Clifford, Bangor.  
On Crops, Manure, and Farm Accounts. R. H. Greene, Winslow; Alfred Foster, Fairfield; Ephraim Hussey, Albion; Wm. Lewis, Waterville; Luther Sawtelle, Sidney.  
On Manufactured Articles. Isiah Marston, B. C. Benson, Waterville; Chas. A. Davies, Vassalboro'; Francis Kenrick, China; C. G. Greene, Winslow.  
On Leather, Boots, Shoes and Harness. J. E. F. Dunn, Waterville; Joseph Estes, Vassalboro'; Thos. S. Foster, Isaac Robinson, China; D. H. Billings, Clinton.  
On Butter, Cheese and Bread. Ephraim Maxham, D. R. Wing, Waterville; Thos. Sawtelle, Vassalboro'; Crosby Hinds, Bangor; Andrew H. Abbott, China; John Richardson, Bangor; Mrs. Daniel Blaisdell, Sidney; Mrs. C. G. Greene, Winslow; Mrs. Oliver Marston, Mrs. Josiah Morrill, Waterville; Mrs. Seth

certified to under oath, 1 vol. Maine Farmer and 1.50; 2d, 2.

On Fruit.

Best lot winter apples, not less than four kinds, 1 peck of each kind, &c., &c., by the person presenting them, Downing's Book on "Fruit and Fruit Trees of America," 2d, "Kenrick's American Orchardist." Best variety of apples, not less than ten kinds, nor less than 2 bushels in all, "Downing's Fruit Book," &c. &c.  
Best specimen pears, 1; 2d, "Fruit Book." Best specimen plums, 1 kind or more, 1.  
Largest number of seedling apple trees, raised the present season, Downing's Fruit Book, &c. &c. or Cole's Fruit Book.  
Best and largest lot of pear or plum trees, set the present season, 2.

On Manufactured Articles.

Best improved sward plow, 2; 2d, 1.  
Best do. seed plow, 2; 2d, 1.  
Best do. rakes, 1.  
Best do. hay forks, 1.  
Best do. manure forks, 1.  
Best do. shovels, 1.  
Best do. hoes, 1.  
Best do. narrow axes, 1.  
Best improved horse-rake, 1.  
Best single sleigh, 2.  
Best single wagon, 2.  
Best sleigh or wagon harness, 1.  
Best do. calf skin finished, 1.  
Best sole leather, 1.  
Best finished leather of any other kind, 1.  
Best 6 pairs thick boots, 1.  
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Best rag carpeting, 6 yds. or more; 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
Best hearth rug, 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
Best 2 pairs worsted hose, 50 cents.  
Best woolen shawl, 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
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Best bedspread, 1; 2d, 50 cents.  
Best lamp-mat, 50 cents.  
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Best straw hats, 5 or more, 1.  
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Holway, Fairfield; Mrs. Albert Crosby, Albion; Mrs. H. G. Abbott, Vassalboro'.

On Fruit. Asa C. T. Tattle, Vassalboro'; Elias Gifford, Fairfield; Reuben Gage, Southfield; D. L. Miliken, Bangor; Paul T. Stevens, Sidney.

On Household Manufactures. Solomon Heath, Waterville; Henry Weeks, Vassalboro'; Eben S. Page, Fairfield; Jacob Marshall, China; Chas. C. Stratton, Winslow; Ashur H. Barton, Bangor; Mrs. Henry Weeks, Vassalboro'; Mrs. Joshua Gage, Waterville; Mrs. Reuben Foster, Mrs. W. C. Bassett, Mrs. A. M. Low, Mrs. Seth Mayo, Fairfield.

On Miscellaneous Articles. Joshua Nye, Jr., Dr. N. R. Boutelle, Waterville; Hiram Pishon, Vassalboro'; Andrew Archer, Fairfield; Mrs. A. C. Tuttle, Vassalboro'; Mrs. Lorenzo Colborn, Fairfield; Mrs. C. H. Keith, Winslow; Mrs. Sarah Robinson, Waterville; Homer Percival, Waterville.

On Fine Arts. Harrison Barrett, William Wales, Waterville; Timothy O. Paine, Winslow; Andrew Hubbard, Miss Thel. Lang, Miss Lucy A. Taber, Vassalboro'; Miss Mary Foster, Miss Sarah Robinson, Waterville.

On Plowing. Josiah Morrill, Waterville; C. G. Greene, Winslow; Seth Mayo, Fairfield; John W. Starkey, Vassalboro'; Silas L. Waite, Sidney.

On Drawing. T. S. Lang, Vassalboro'; Geo. E. Shores, Waterville; Allen Jones, Fairfield; Chas. Cushman, Hiram Thompson, Winslow; Avery Ellis, Bangor; Gibson Wells, Clinton.

On Farm Stock. Joseph Percival, John Mathews, Jr., Waterville; Chas. Cushman, Winslow; Albert Crosby, Albion; Edward S. Weeks, Vassalboro'; Luke Brown, Bangor.

Committee of Arrangements. Joseph Percival, Josiah Morrill, Waterville; Robert R. Drummond, Fairfield; Ralph Paine, Winslow; Seth Holway, Fairfield; E. G. Sawtelle, Sidney; Joseph B. Low, T. S. Lang, Vassalboro'.

Committee to have charge of the Hall. W. H. Pearson, Henry B. White, W. Chipman, Geo. H. Eddy.

Committee to obtain New Members. T. S. Lang, Vassalboro'; J. W. Britton, Winslow; W. H. Pearson, Waterville; Allen Jones, Fairfield; Madison Crowell, Bangor; A. H. Abbott, China.

Merchants. Bradford Sawtelle, Sidney; John Parker, Waterville; Hiram Pishon, Vassalboro'.

On Best Managed Farm. Ephraim Maxham, Isiah Marston, Nathan Perry, Waterville; Robert Drummond, Isaac W. Britton, Wm. Bassett, Winslow.

Rules and Regulations.

Entries for premiums on stock and all articles, (trees, compost manure, and crops of grain excepted,) may be made with the Secretary at any time previous to the first day of the Show, and must be made, before 10 o'clock of said day, and at that hour the papers will be passed over to the committees, after which entries cannot be received. Written statements (required by law, and by the rules of the Society,) must also be left with the Secretary, and will be handed by him to the committees.

Entries for premiums on crops must be made with the Secretary on or before the first Monday in January, accompanied by written statements embracing the following particulars:—1st, nature of the soil, mentioning the two previous crops; 2d, time, depth and cost of ploughing; 3d, time and method of applying manure, with amount of seed; 4th, time of sowing or planting seed, with cost of same; 5th, cost of planting, cultivating, and harvesting the crop, with amount of crop. No premium will be awarded to any person entering a crop without complying with the above particulars.

Persons who enter dairy cows for premiums will be required, in giving the amount of milk and butter, to state the feed such cows received.

Statements will be required of those who enter yearlings and calves, as to how they have been reared, and their age in months at the time of the Show. Animals deemed worthy will receive no premiums unless the above regulations are strictly complied with.

Written statements of the manner of making butter, cheese and bread will be required. All articles of manufacture must be produced within the limits of the Society, to entitle them to premiums.

Bradford Sawtelle of Sidney, John Parker of Waterville, and Hiram Pishon of Vassalboro', are appointed Marshals, and are requested to be on the ground early on the morning of the Show, to give directions in regard to animals and articles, and to see that they are arranged in their places by 10 o'clock A. M., so that the committees may commence their examinations at that hour.

Committees are requested to be present early, on the morning of the 4th, and receive from the Secretary, William Eddy, a list of the entries, together with the accompanying certificates.

ROBERT AYER, SETH HOLWAY, JOHN MATHES, JR., ISAAC W. BRITTON, ALBERT CROSBY, Trustees.

ARRANGEMENTS BY THE COMMITTEE.

1st. All animals must be in the places assigned them by the Marshals before 10 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, and competitors for premiums must be with the animals and remain by them until the committees have finished their examinations.

2d. Arrangements will be made at the Town Hall for the exhibition of such articles as may be presented there, and a committee will have charge of them, to take proper care and arrange them in the best manner for exhibition; and all articles whether of household manufacture or otherwise entered for premium must be placed in the hands of the committee at the Hall, at or before 12 o'clock on the first day of the Show, and must remain in their places until 2 o'clock of the second day, and must be exhibited without the name of the owner; at the time of making the entry with the Secretary he will furnish a number for each article, which must be permanently attached.

3d. Ladies are particularly invited to add to the interest of the occasion by presenting specimens of their handiwork free of any charge for entry or membership.

4th. It is expected that all committees on stock will report themselves promptly to the Marshals who will show them the animals to be examined by the respective committees. Also the committees on articles at the Hall will be in session at 2 o'clock and close their examination on the first day of the Show; and spectators will not be admitted while the committees are making their examinations.

The Hall of Exhibition will be opened to the public at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 5th and an admission fee of ten cents will be charged each person, excepting members of the Society and exhibitors with their families.

The proprietors of Ticonic and Winslow Bridges have authorized us to say that stock and articles for the show, together with the necessary drivers, will pass to and from the Show free of toll.

Arrangements have been made with the A. & K. R. Co. to run a special train and carry passengers to and from the Show at half price.

An Address will be delivered before the Society at the Baptist Meeting House at 2 o'clock, Wednesday, the 10th inst., by Rev. P. P. Fowle, of Maine, to which the ladies are invited to listen, after which the adjudging committees will report their awards and such other business be transacted as may properly come before the Society.

Will be furnished on the Show Ground for the stock.

The potato rot has made its appearance in Rhode Island.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

TO BAKE APPLES. The person who has eaten baked sweet apples with milk, needs no commendation of the article. For this purpose Tallman Sweetings are best. But those who have tart apple only, may secure a delicious dish by the following process:—Pare them, if thick skinned, cut out the largest portion of the core from one end and place the fruit on well glazed earthen dishes or pans, with the core end upwards, and the cavity filled with refined powdered sugar. Then bake them. All we ask is trial.

[Country Gentleman.]

SALT YOUR CABBAGE. We printed some time ago this recommendation, and do so again that it may not be forgotten, that in boiling a cabbage whole, if some common salt be put into the water, when washing cabbages or greens, preparatory to cooking them, the snails, bugs, worms, &c., will come out and sink to the bottom, so that they need not be boiled with the vegetables. It is impossible to wash out when water alone, except the cabbage be taken in pieces.





THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 8, 1853.

# MAINE FARMER

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 8, 1853.

## DRIED PLUMS, OR HOW TO MAKE PRUNES.

We have noticed that some in our vicinity have a large crop of plums. The uses made of plums among us are two, viz: eating them as a dessert fruit, and cooking them with the syrup of sugar, into what is commonly called "prunes."

There is another use to which they might be put, by those who have them in abundance, and that is manufacturing them into "prunes." Prunes are dried plums. Some plums are better for this purpose than others.

In France, the variety called St. Catherine plum is the one preferred for this purpose. Some suppose that the plum, or the climate of France, or both, have something peculiar to fit them for making prunes that we do not have in Maine.

It is not so. The plum grows in France, so it will equally as well in Maine. The plums are dried in ovens heated with wood in France, so they can be in Maine. Read the mode as given below by M. Andre Leroy, of Angers in France, and see if you cannot do the same.

We place the plums, say he, upon a round willow basket, about two feet in diameter and two inches deep. We put in one layer only. We place the baskets close together in an oven, which we have heated just enough to wrinkle the plums. After twelve hours we take them out, and heat the oven again, increasing the heat, and so we continue till the plums become firm, then we press them between the fingers to flatten them, and we continue to do so until the desiccation be suitable.

We take great care each time that we take them out of the oven, to remove those which are done, to place them together, and prevent their being too dry. Finally, when they are done enough, we for the last time heat the oven as we would do to bake bread, and put the plums in again until they swell, then we take them out, when the oven is still heated we replace the plums and leave them in all night. Then a white bloom covers them, and they become very beautiful. This is what we call giving the whitening.

We then sort them by sizes, and make small baskets. We are obliged to put them eight or ten times in the oven.

If we wish to make what we call *ferry prunes*, we take out the stone when they are about half done, and replace it by another plum, also without its stone, and continue the cooking. The above is Leroy's direction for drying plums, and you will see at once, that if you have plenty of plums, and plenty of patience, a little wood and a good oven, you can make prunes as well as the French.

## MEETING OF KEN. CO. AG. SOCIETY.

This society met on Monday last at Mansion House, Kennebec cross roads. President F. Fuller Esq., in the chair. D. A. Fairbank was chosen Secretary, pro tem.

Francis Fuller of Winthrop, was chosen trustee in place of N. Foster Esq., who had previously resigned.

After hearing the report of the agent, the society proceeded to consider certain propositions submitted to them at a former meeting. The following propositions were adopted as rules for future guidance, viz:

1. A general agent shall be chosen annually, whose duty it shall be to canvass the district, collect the taxes, and take the names of those who wish to become members. Said agent to be under the direction of the Trustees, and be paid such wages as the Society shall deem proper, and he shall be empowered to appoint deputy agents when he thinks proper.

2. No person shall be admitted to the Fair, without tickets of admission.

Every member of the Society on paying his annual assessment, shall receive a ticket for himself and family. Every individual who exhibits any article, shall be entitled to a ticket. The tickets to be put at such prices as the Trustees may deem proper.

It was voted, to hold the next show at Readfield corner.

The following persons were chosen Committee of Arrangements:—

E. Holmes, Dudley Hains, J. N. Fogg, Russell, ——— Richardson.

## COUNTY AG. SOCIETY FAIRS IN MAINE.

York, at Alfred, Oct. 5 and 6.

Cumberland, at Portland, Oct. 19 and 20.

West Lincoln, at Lewiston, Oct. 6.

Lincoln, at Wiscasset, Oct. 5 and 6.

Kennebec, at Readfield Corner, October 12 and 13.

North Kennebec, at Waterville, Oct. 4 and 5.

South Kennebec, at Gardiner, Oct. 19 and 20.

West Somerset, at Madison Bridge, Oct. 5 and 6.

Penobscot, at ———, September 28 and 29.

North Oxford, at ———, Oct. 12 and 13.

West Orono, at Lovell, Oct. 19 and 20.

Piscataquis, at Dover, Oct. 5.

N. B. Will the Secretaries of the several societies furnish us with correct information of the time and place of their respective shows in order to fill up the above table?

**BERNARD'S VISIT.** On Friday last the Ocean City Company, of Portland, made a visit to this city, and were received as the guests of the Pacific. They were a good looking body of men, and made a fine show as they marched through our streets. They partook of a dinner furnished at the Augusta House by the Pacific, and in the evening were present at a ball given in honor of their visit. On Saturday morning they made a visit to the Arsenal, and left at noon in the cars.

**FEYERHAGEN ACADEMY.** A communication respecting the dedication of the new Academy at Fryeburg has been received, but too late for this week's paper. It will have a place in our next.

For the Maine Farmer.

A QUERY.

Mr. Editor:—At the late fire in this city, when the engine men were nearly exhausted by their severe exertions, there were hundreds of people looking on—and among them all, it was almost impossible to find men to "spell" the firemen, although there were some who worked, and propped well. But the majority stood looking on, with their hands in their pockets, and could not be induced to do anything, when by their help much property might have been saved. Now, have we not some law to compel such men to give their aid? At any rate, if they will go to fires and will not help, let them not go about afterwards, and report slanderous stories of the firemen's "stagnation."

Augusta, September 6, 1853.

## DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION.

SAW MILLS AND MACHINE SHOPS BURNED. Loss \$75,000! On Saturday morning last, our city was visited by the most extensive and disastrous conflagration that has ever occurred here.

It was discovered about two o'clock, in the machine shop at the West end of the dam, in the lower story, occupied as a wool factory by Messrs. Harnden & Brother. Notwithstanding the alarm was immediately given, the dam company's engine set to playing on the flames, and the engine companies were at the spot in a few minutes from the first alarm, such was the combustible nature of the materials in the machine shop, that the fire was speedily beyond control. The engine companies were several times driven from their stations by the flames, and at one time it was thought one of the engines would have to be abandoned. From the machine shop the flames spread in both directions, sweeping on one side, the grist mill, block of saw mills, a small building between the grist mill and saw mills, and a large quantity of lumber piled on the bridging. On the South side it burnt a dwelling house, occupied as a boarding house by a Mr. Scoles, and also injured a building used as a store house. The flames then crossed over to the West side of the canal, and seized upon a large building erected some three or four years since by the Railroad Company as a kyanizing shop. In a very few minutes this building was a sheet of flames, which were rendered hotter and fiercer from the tar in and about the building. Two dry houses immediately behind the kyanizing shop, one of which was completely filled with stuffs belonging to Messrs. Harnden & Brother, were entirely consumed.

There was now but one building left between the machine shop and the dam, the old saw mill, owned by Henry Williams, Esq., and here, by the unremitting exertions of the Atlantic fire company, the fire was stayed. The mill was damaged in the roof and South end to the amount of about \$100.

The losses, so far as we have been able to ascertain, are as follows:—Machine shop—this building was owned by the Dam Company, and the loss on the building is \$6000. It was occupied by the following persons: Messrs. Harnden & Brother, lower floor, wool factory, loss, in stock, tools, &c., \$2500; no insurance; O. Williams, upper floor, and door factory, loss \$4500, insured for \$1000; Elias Williamson, same business, loss \$5000, and books also lost, no insurance; John B. & Nason G. Williamson, same business, loss \$5000, no insurance; F. J. F. & Pillsbury, same business, loss \$2000, no insurance; Atkins & Co., planing shop, loss \$2500, insured for \$1000; Aaron Cowee, upper story, furniture manufactory, loss \$600, no insurance.

Grist mill—this building was owned by Richard D. Rice, Esq., and the heirs of the late J. D. Emery, loss \$12,000, insurance of \$2500. The mill has been occupied the last year by George Williams, Esq., who had just before the fire taken out all his flour, &c., and sustained no loss.

Saw mill—in this building were five saws, and other machinery, and the loss to the Dam Company is \$15,000. The loss to individuals is as follows:—N. Fowler & Co., \$500; S. C. Gage, \$800; Henry Williams, Esq., \$500.

Kyanizing shop—this was lately sold by the Railroad Company to the Dam Company, and had been leased by several individuals as a machine shop, and shovel factory, and workmen were employed in removing the old machinery and putting in the new. In another month the machine shop would have been nearly or quite ready to go into operation, and the stored factory in full blast. The loss to the Dam Company is \$15,000; to the Railroad Company, on machinery, &c., \$2000.

The boarding house was owned by the Dam Company, loss about \$800. The store house next South of this was owned by Col. N. Fowler, and was damaged to the extent of about \$50.

The mills and dam were connected by a large amount of bridging, built of the best of lumber, and covered with three-inch plank. This, with a large amount of lumber piled upon it, was entirely destroyed. The loss of the lumber is partly included in the loss by individuals, but the Dam Company loss, in bridging, \$1000.

There was considerable lumber, &c., which was burned, belonging to various individuals, not included in the above, which will bring the entire loss up to about \$75,000.

The bulk-head of the canal that conveyed water to the factory, was so much injured that the water all ran out, and the factory is now at a stand still.

The fire took from a new shaft, in the wool factory. It spread so fast that the hose belonging to the Dam Company was burnt off, and thus rendered useless. The Atlantic engine, which took up her position on the bridging, was twice driven from her place, and at one time it was thought to be lost, and some of the company with it. But she retreated to the West end of the dam, and there made a stand, playing two streams upon the fire until 6 o'clock in the morning. The Pacific took her position, after being twice driven back and once abandoned, at the river side, and then did good service. The Del. was also out and worked well. The Uncle Sam was brought over from the Arsenal and manned by citizens.

We think this fire has demonstrated the superiority of the Button tubs. It is admitted on all sides, that the case with which they can be worked, and their ability to throw several streams at once, saved the old saw mill, and thereby the West end of the dam from destruction.

A large number of workmen are thrown out of employment, and many have lost their life. So destructive a fire has never occurred in this city before. It being just in the busiest part of the season, the loss cannot be easily estimated, as the injury from the check given to business is necessarily great.

**FIRE ALARMS.** It has been suggested to us, and we think with some reason, that the fire alarm in this city is not sufficient. A large number of our citizens were not aroused by the bell on Saturday morning, (only one being rung, the Congregational.) Would it not be a good thing for the Common Council to make provision for the ringing of three, say the Congregational, Episcopal, and Methodist Church bells? Unless the wind be very favorable it is sometimes almost impossible to hear the Congregational bell in the upper and lower portions of the city.

**"BRANDS SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING."** The Messrs. Williamson, who suffered so severely at the late fire, fortunately had a quantity of cash, doors, and blinds, stored in a safe place, which were not touched by the fire, and will be able to fill orders for the present.

**REPRESENTATIVE CANDIDATES.** At a democratic caucus last Saturday evening, James A. Thompson and Lot M. Morrill were chosen candidates to be supported for the Legislature, next Monday. The whigs have not nominated their candidates yet. They held a caucus on Friday evening next.

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## CHEMISTRY, GEOLOGY, AGRICULTURE.

For the Maine Farmer.

By PROF. JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. Editor:—Although my residence is in Cincinnati, Ohio, yet for health and amusement I occasionally visit my brothers, who reside in your State, and I take a lively interest in the scenery, the geology, and the agriculture of the mountainous region in which they reside. I had observed, not only in that place but elsewhere in the primitive regions of Maine, abundance of pyritiferous slate, a rock which has a stratified and stately structure, and is composed of quartz, feldspar, mica and hornblende, in very variable proportions, but always stratified, mostly in planes, but not unfrequently variously bent and contorted. When recently fractured, it exhibits a dark gray color, and when it is exposed to the weather it is of a dark iron rust color. In the cross fracture may often be seen thin seams of golden colored or silvery pyrites, (sulphurets of iron,) a substance which so often deceives the uninitiated that it has acquired the name of "fool's gold"—not that those who are deceived by it are any more destitute of good sense than the rest of us, who are continually reminded, in various ways, that "All is not gold that glitters."

Another deceptive material in this same rock, is an abundance of glittering spangles of yellow mica. Where this rock comes to be exposed to the weather, especially on the southern aspect of a hill, where it acquires a high temperature from the sun, and liable to imbibe moisture from rain, entering especially the more micaceous veins, the pyrites oxygenates, the sulphur becoming sulphuric acid, and the iron an oxide, which uniting forms coppers; and if alumina be present, also. By this chemical change the rock is lightened, scaled off, and finally falls into a light, micaceous sand. During this decomposition, this rock, when heated by the sun, smells strongly of sulphur, and when this disintegration is going on, the sand formed is strongly impregnated with the salts above named, coppers and alum, giving rise to a strong asstringent taste.

As these salts are powerful agricultural agents, I have been led to examine them with reference to that point. I gathered in the pastures belonging to my brothers, in Bethel, several quart of the decomposed rock, strongly impregnated with the salts. It was easy to lixivate this sand in the manner of leaching ashes, thus obtaining a somewhat impure solution of everything soluble. But as I wished to obtain it clear of every particle of sediment, I had to devise apparatus which, in the laboratory, is always at hand, where the manipulation of clearing a liquid entirely of sediment is performed by placing undisturbed blotting paper folded in plaits like a fan, forming a cone-shaped cap, in a glass funnel, and passing the liquid through such paper as a strainer. This is called "filtering," and paper made for the purpose is called "filtering paper." I had here neither paper nor funnel. As substitutes for them I took common porous wrapping paper, and made out of birch bark a conical funnel to hold the paper filter. But I found that the coppers and alum solution acted upon the white birch bark, extracting a red color and bitter principle from it. This, although it instructed me in the properties of the substance, compelled me to adopt another apparatus for filtering. I finally made a conical bag of piece of old and well-bleached cotton cloth, by folding it over like a sheet of letter paper, and sewing up one end, say the bottom, and finally rounding off the free corners and opening it, I attached it to a suitable hoop. This hoop being suspended from the end of a stick, projected over the side of the table, with weights laid on the opposite end, formed a most efficient filter holder, in which the folded paper was placed, and the liquid passed most conveniently through it into a bowl below. The liquid was clear and colorless as spring water.

I have been thus particular with regard to this novel, yet simple apparatus, because it is in the power of every farmer, who has a fancy for experimenting, to get up the same thing in his kitchen, the domestic laboratory.

Filtering and evaporating are continually called for in practical chemistry. Evaporation should mostly be conducted over a water or steam bath, which can also be got up by the farmer in the kitchen. I proceeded successfully in the following manner: I took a two quart earthen bowl for my evaporating basin, and found an iron pot, the mouth of which was slightly smaller than the bowl; then filling the iron pot partly full of water, I placed the bowl, holding my filtered solution in the mouth of it, over the water, and set the whole into the usual opening of the cooking stove. The water was made to boil, and of course the bowl was heated by the steam which came to the outside of it. The solution inside of the bowl became heated but not to boil—still it slowly evaporated, and was repeatedly replenished, until all the liquid was introduced, when it was brought to dryness. This liquid was scarcely made to boil before it changed color, becoming reddish and depositing a red sediment. This was to have been anticipated as phenomena attendant upon the conversion of the sulphate of iron into the per-sulphate of that metal.

**Bethel, Me., Aug. 26, 1853.**

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**POTNAM FOR SEPTEMBER.** Number 9 of Putnam's Monthly is received. It continues to bring to its readers full pages of valuable and instructive miscellany. In this number you have fine similes in the shape of neat engravings of some of the Churches in New York city chiefly taken from Daguerrotypes, and therefore correct portraits. "Curiosities of Puritan History" will give you wonderful stories concerning witchcraft and other superstitions of olden times. In addition to these are also a great variety of original articles full of Philosophy, Poetry and Poetry.

**YOUTH'S CABINET.** Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet for September is on our table. This is a very pleasing and entertaining work for the young people, and contains much valuable information in an interesting form. It is published in New York, by D. A. Woodworth, at \$1.00 per annum.

**BICKLEY'S WEST AMERICAN REVIEW.** Bickley's Review for September contains seven good articles. We hope this Review is well sustained, especially in the western section of the Union. It is vigorous and independent and advances much common sense on the various topics which are discussed in its pages.

**APPLES, APPLES.** Mr. A. W. Cummings, of Sidney, brought in to our office, one day last week, a fine lot of the finest Fall apples that we have seen this year. He calls it the "Baldwin apple." It is about the size of the Baldwin, of a deep red color, and a most luscious flavor, as their speedy disappearance, and the testimony of the "lean and lank viandant" P. D.'s will attest. It was a treat to one and all, and Mr. C. has the thanks of the types for his present.

**THE RICE HARVEST.** The Savannah Republican reports that the rice harvest has commenced, and the crops promise an abundant yield. The Sea Island cotton crops are also promising. The Republican hears no complaints of injuries to the plant from rains, worms, or any other cause, and is informed that, on some plantations, the hands are picking from 60 to 70 pounds on an average per day.

**REPORT OF THE TREASURY.** The Journal of Commerce figures the receipts into the Treasury for the year ending June 30, at \$61,000,000. Of this the customs have yielded \$58,331,865, the public lands \$1,666,084, and miscellaneous sources \$507,823. The imports have been \$255,000,000, including \$30,000,000 specie.

## GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Edmundo. The hearing in the case of Edmundo, testing the validity of the pardon from the New York State prison at Auburn, obtained on forged recommendations to executive clemency, is closed.

**NEW RACE OF MONKEYS.** We have heard it said, says the Panama Herald, that there exists in the forests of Darion a species of monkey covered with pure white hair—they are reported to be small in size with long tails; they live in single families in the most unfrequented places, and if once disturbed never return to their old haunts; the natives have many superstitions connected with them, and cannot be induced to catch or kill them.

**OVER THREE HUNDRED PILGRIMS DROWNED.** The English papers contain an account of the loss of an India ship on the 21st or 22d of June last, near the mouth of Bombay Harbor. When the vessel struck the rocks, the boats were got out, but so great was the rush that the boats were upset, and about sixty were swept overboard and drowned. When the masts fell a large number were crushed to death. Over three hundred persons lost their lives by the disaster. They were mostly pilgrims returning from Arabia.

**ACQUITTED.** Charles H. Comstock, the conductor who was on trial last week in Connecticut on a charge of passing through carelessness, caused the awful calamity at the Norwalk drawbridge, on the New Haven Railroad, last May, has been honorably acquitted by the jury. The engineer, who is under arrest on similar charges to those preferred against the conductor, has not sufficiently recovered from the injuries received at the time to undergo a trial.

**FATAL EXPLOSION.** A terrible explosion occurred at Wheeling on Monday 27th ult. 20 kegs of gunpowder exploded on the wharf, killing one drayman instantly, and blowing another into the river. The wharf boat was completely demolished, and the steamboats Orion and Salem damaged; several windows were shattered throughout the city.

**THE TALLEST MAN.** M. J. Bronner of Lowell writes to the Lowell News, that while on a visit to Andover, he saw a stalk of corn nineteen feet high and it had fourteen ears of corn on it!

**AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.** Mr. Adler of London, having purchased from an Arab at the sepulchral diggings about Luxor, Egypt, a roll of papyrus, has been instrumental in the publication of two pleadings at the Greek bar of Hypierides, feloniously deciphered from the reporter's notes, which, from the fact of their being three hundred years older than the Christian Era, claim precedence in seniority before all known manuscripts. Longinus had a high opinion of the orator Hypierides.

**BLACK SNAKE.** The Buffalo Daily Republic says this celebrated Indian, now 105 years of age, is still hale and hearty, residing at Allegany reservation. He was one of the most active of his tribe in bringing about a treaty in behalf of the United States, with General Washington, at Philadelphia, in 1787. A friend of ours saw him a week or two since, walking as vigorously as a man of 45.

**GRASSHOPPERS.** We learn from Vermont, says the N. Y. Tribune, that the grasshoppers were very destructive all over the State. In some parts they have swept off every green thing. We have seen in this State within a few days where they were eating the apples from the trees as well as those which had dropped, so that all hope was lost of saving any of the yield of the trees.

**DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.** The outstanding funded debt of the United States amounts to \$63,434,697. This amount includes the \$5,000,000 promised to Texas not yet issued, as well as \$5,000,000 of like debt already issued.

**FIRE IN BOSTON.** On Thursday evening, 25th ult., at Belait, the Oakum Factory was entirely consumed by fire. It had recently been erected and put in operation by E. C. Kimball, whose loss is \$4000, without insurance.

**CONVENIENT.** At Chicago you can buy a house in all its parts, framing timbers, shingles, doors, window sashes, shutters, flooring, all planned, tongued, grooved, numbered, and ready to be put up upon the prairie to which the many rail roads will convey it, so that the farmer from those wide extended plains may come in one day, buy his house complete, and take it out next, and with the assistance of his neighbors put it up within a week.

**DARING ROBBERY.** A daring robbery was committed in Wall street, New York, on Saturday morning, on the steps of the Merchant's Bank. A gentleman had just presented a check for \$300, and was standing outside the door, with the bank notes to that amount in his hand, when the thief suddenly snatched the money, and fled so swiftly as to baffle pursuit.

**CHLORFORM CONTRAINDICATED.** Dr. Robert de Lamballe, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately contracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life. The fact is worth knowing, if it be a fact.

**REDEMPTION OF BONDS.** The Secretary of the Treasury has given notice that he will redeem the United States Bonds of 1850 and 1853, to the extent of two millions, until the 1st of December, at the rate of eight and a half per cent. premium for the former, and at sixteen per cent. for the latter, with interest added, and the allowance of one day for transmission.

**COINAGE IN ENGLAND.** A return just issued from the English mint has excited much attention from the extraordinary amount of gold and silver which it shows to have been coined in the country during the first half of the present year. It appears that the totals have been £9,099,000 of gold, and £416,000 of silver, making an aggregate equal to twice the quantity coined in the same period of 1852, when the coinage was already beyond all former precedent.

**THE FLYING VESSEL.** Mr. Rufus Porter, who has been so long and earnestly engaged upon the "Aeroprop," or flying ship, announces with confidence that he shall make an excursion in it from Washington to New York some time during the next month. The machinery is now nearly advanced to completion, and a small amount of funds and labor will put it on the wing.

**THE RICE HARVEST.** The Savannah Republican reports that the rice harvest has commenced, and the crops promise an abundant yield. The Sea Island cotton crops are also promising. The Republican hears no complaints of injuries to the plant from rains, worms, or any other cause, and is informed that, on some plantations, the hands are picking from 60 to 70 pounds on an average per day.

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**SINGULAR COBBAGE.** The Barre Patriot says that Mr. Creighton Ruggles has growing in his garden a cabbage with a multitude of heads. The centre head is of usual size, while between each of the surrounding leaves and the stock, a miniature head, of the size of a common ball, and in all the perfection of those of larger growth, peeps out, the whole presenting a vegetable brood of young cabbages, nestling round the parent head, like downy chickenhood round its natural protector.

**SALE OF A WHITE MAN.** Charles Denoyer, an intermediate white man, convicted of vagrancy, at Carondelet, near St. Louis, was sold, at auction at the court-house door, in the latter city, on the 9th inst., for the sum of ten cents! He was subsequently redeemed by the spectators, on the condition that he should leave the State immediately.

**SHOCKING.** On Wednesday last week, a son of Mr. John Cary of Bangor, about eight years of age, was in Brewer on a visit to his uncle and was instantly killed while riding upon a load of wood, from which he fell, and the wheel passed over his head, crushing it to atoms.

**FRACTIONAL BILLS.** These bills, issued by some of the Rhode Island Banks, and which were quite convenient during the dearth of change, are being withdrawn from circulation. In several States it is illegal to pass them. The Providence Journal, of the 1st inst., says:—"The issue of fractional bills by the banks, is prohibited after this day; but the circulation of those already issued is permitted, until they are carried into the banks for redemption, after which they cannot be re-issued."

**WHERE IS WHITTINGTON?** A second Whittington would find a good chance at the present time in Australia. They are overrun there with mice. A correspondent of the Geelong Advertiser, writing from Forest Creek, says that "the diggers are so pestered with mice that cats are freely caught at 50s a head. A Mr. Hitchcock guarantees £1 per head for a cart load of them."

**APPLES, BOTH NEW AND OLD.** We have received from J. E. Brainard of East Winthrop, specimens of Russets of last year's growth, sound and good. Also some fine specimens of sweet apples of this year's growth.

**A BIG CUCUMBER.** Mr. S. Mayhew of Mt. Vernon, sent into our office, the other day, a cucumber 15 inches in length and 10 inches in circumference. It is not ripe, and probably had not attained its full growth.

**RAISING OF THE CHEROKEE.** The New York Commercial of last Thursday, has the following paragraph:—"The hull of the burned steamship Cherokee was raised yesterday by means of steam pumps and other apparatus, and is now afloat. The fire did little or no damage below the lower deck, and the engine is almost unharmed. A large portion of the cargo has been got out, and a schooner load was sold at auction yesterday."

**MOVEMENTS OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.** Hon. Jeff Davis arrived in this city Saturday morning, at 6 o'clock, from Portland, by steamer Atlantic, on his return to Washington from the encampment of the U. S. Coast Survey at Mount Blue, near Phillips, Franklin county, Maine. The Secretary passed through this city in company with Prof. A. D. Bach, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, a fortnight ago. Saturday, they returned to Mount Blue by way of Concord, N. H., Lake Umbagog, and the White Mountains. From the old Crawford stand, in Hart's Location, where they stopped over night a week ago last Monday, they proceeded up through the Notch, and crossed the summit of Mount Washington, spending a night there. Thence they descended down the easterly side to the Glen House, and proceeded to the head of the lake, where they were met by Lawrence Railroad, Portland, Waterville, Norridgewock and Farmington. Mount Blue is about 100 miles from Portland, and only 12 miles from the newly discovered "gold diggings" at the head of Sandy River, in Androscoggin County. Secretary Davis stopped five days at Prof. Bach's encampment. After breakfasting at the United States Hotel on Saturday, the Secretary took the 8 o'clock train for Springfield, with the intention of spending a portion of the day in examining the U. S. Arsenal at that place.

**BLOW UP.** We learn from Mr. Moore, of Winslow's Express, that on Saturday, 27th ult., near the Union Station, on the St. Lawrence & Atlantic Road, a locomotive (the Coaticook) blew up in consequence of letting in too large a rush of cold water, while there was a powerful head of steam on. The explosion was terrific. The engine was a powerful one, and at the time was attached to a heavy train loaded with wood. The engine was blown to pieces, and the car next to it was smashed up. The wreck was complete. The saddest part however, was the severe injury to the engineer, Richard Sealey, and the fireman. The engineer was so badly hurt, that he had not spoken up to yesterday, and it is feared he will not recover. The fireman was bruised up considerably, but his life is in no danger. The engine was made at Manchester. [Portland Argus.]

**A MAN SHOT BY A SNAKE.** A letter in the Philadelphia Ledger states that a few days ago a man named Luskman, storekeeper in Siddonsburg







## The Muse.

For the Muse.

LIZZIE SLEEPETH HERE.

BY MYRA NUTTE.

"Nestle you lovingly willow,  
By our Sanny's side,  
Where its waters sweetly murmur,  
As they gently, smoothly glide—  
In this sweet, sequestered spot,  
Sleeps our Lizzie, unforgotten.

Through the leaflets lovingly sighing  
Gently doth the zephyr blow,  
Echoing with softest whisper,  
Beneath the low-toned note.  
Softly tread! The spot ye near—  
Daring Lizzie sleepeth here.

Moss a gentle flower is blooming  
On this sacred, cherished spot,  
The pure white rose perfume sheds,  
And the sweet forget-me-not,  
Watered off with sorrow's tears—  
For our Lizzie sleepeth here.

In girlhood's morn, when life was bright,  
Her grief was hers to know,  
Or her pure heart knew aught of care,  
Death laid her to rest,  
Oh! we seek the spot so dear,  
And weep for Lizzie sleeping here.

Phillips, August 30, 1853.

## THE OLD GRIST MILL.

BY R. H. STODARD.

The grist mill stands beside the stream,  
With bending roof and leaning wall;  
So old, that when the winds are wild,  
The miller trembles lest it fall;  
But moss and ivy never cease,  
To bedeck it o'er from year to year.

The dam is steep, and wooded green,  
The gates are raised, the water pour,  
And tread the old wheel's slippery steps,  
The lowest round forevermore;  
Methinks they have a sound of ire,  
Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn till night, in autumn time,  
When yellow harvests load the plains,  
Up drive the farmers to the mill,  
And back anon, with loaded wain;  
They bring a heap of golden grain,  
And take it home in mornal gain.

You see the miller flitting round,  
And dusty legs along the floor;  
And by the shaft and down the spout  
The yellow meal comes pouring out.

And all day long the winnowed chaff  
Flows round it on the sultry breeze,  
And shimmeth like a setting sun,  
Of golden-tinged and belted cheer;  
Or sparks around a blacksmith's door,  
When bellows blow and forges roar.

I love my pleasant, quiet old mill;  
It 'minds me of my early prime;  
'Tis changed since then, but not so much  
As I am by decay and time;  
Its wheels are moved from year to year,  
But mine all dark and bare appear.

I stand beside the stream of life;  
The mighty current sweeps along,  
Lifting the flood-gates of my heart,  
It turns the magic wheel of song,  
And grinds the ripened harvest, brought  
From out the golden field of thought.

## The Story-Teller.

## THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

A Reminiscence of Frederick the Great.

In the year 1821, during a tour I was making in the north of Germany, an accident introduced me to a clergyman, who invited me to spend a few days with him in the country. The second day of my stay was to be devoted to an excursion in the neighboring mountains, whence a glorious view could be enjoyed of the Frische Haaf and the littoral of Pomerania. We had, however, scarce quitted the rectory, when my new friend attracted my attention to an old man who was sitting on the root of a tree, and smoking his pipe with apparently the greatest contentment, while his geese were feeding on the grassy borders of the wide village street.

"Look there," the clergyman said; "that old man is the only living witness of a trait of iron justice in the life of Frederick the Great which but few are acquainted with."

"Hail!" Father Frank, do you remember bringing the baron home from Stettin?"

"How could I forget it?" the old man replied, as he doffed his cap reverentially. "I was a young fellow of about five and twenty at the time."

My friend replied, "you may laugh now, Father Frank; but in truth you ought to have shared the baron's punishment, for I can never forgive you for helping to carry my poor predecessor out of his house in his dying moments, and placing him in the glaring sunshine."

"I was forced to do so," the old man answered; and as he pointed with his staff to a neighboring garden, he continued: "The baron was standing behind that walnut tree with his telescope, and if we had not placed the old gentleman on the exact spot he ordered, he would have beaten us to death. Still I shall feel sorry for it as long as I live, and cannot look at the spot without sighing. His chair was just at the very place where you are standing, and there he died within a quarter of an hour."

The reader may fancy that these remarks caused me to feel considerable curiosity, and we had scarce left the old man, when I begged the rector to tell me the story. He did so in the following terms:

The Baron von L—, of whom our old friend was talking, was formerly owner of this estate, and a favorite of Frederick the Great. The nearer circumstances of his introduction to the king are sufficiently remarkable to induce me to mention them. Frederick had come to inspect a morass that had been lately drained by the baron, and while waiting for fresh horses at P—, he talked with the land-agent and saw some gentlemen in military uniform at a little distance. He asked him—"Who have those gentlemen served?"

The agent, who knew that the king liked a quick and ready answer, replied with an humble bow: "In your majesty's army;" to which the king rejoined, with equal quickness, "Sheep-head!" I am well aware that they have not served as laborers on your estate. But where is the baron?"

The latter however had been delayed, and arrived just as the king was asking for him in such a hurry that the coachman drove against a tombstone, which had been brought the day before for the grave of a lately deceased clergyman, and been placed temporarily by the side of the road. The carriage was overturned, and the baron was well; a terrible prognosis, for he was fated to owe his ruin to the tombstone of a clergyman, though that day he was on the occasion. On the contrary, he managed to acquire the king's favor in such a degree, that his majesty was continually sending for him to be present at the reviews in Stargard, and eventually invested him with the then highly distinguished order, "Pour le Merite."

Through this, however, the baron's arrogance waxed incredibly. He was not merely a tyrant

whom every one in the neighborhood feared because they knew the favor in which he stood with the king, but a still greater tyrant to all clergy. For while he usually called the landed gentry, when speaking about them, "uncultivated clods," he also, after the fashion of the great king, termed the clergy "unreasonable brutes," and displayed his enlightenment on every occasion in a manner as ridiculous as it was insulting; for education and respect could not be counted among our baron's virtues.

But of all the clergymen, his own, Thilo by name, my poor predecessor, fared the worst. He was an old man, modest in the highest degree, and put up with anything from his patron. His only daughter Sophie, was, however, one of the most energetic women I ever saw, and even at the advanced age when I first formed her acquaintance, bore evident traces of her former beauty.

She was attached to the son of the royal forester Weiher, who lived in S—, and used to visit the old pastor when he came to church. The affair was, however, not known for a long while, as Sophie always received the young forester's ardent declarations of love, with great though pretended coolness. Besides the young man was nothing, and had nothing, and it was very doubtful whether he would succeed his father in the forestry. Such being the case, there was little to be done in those days, and it is much the same now. But it is equally true that a lover never troubles himself about such paltry details. It was the same with our Fritz. On one occasion when he had brought the old pastor, or rather his daughter, a brace of wild ducks, and the latter gave him a rose in return, for she had nothing else to offer, Fritz regarded it as a declaration of her love, and begged her to give him her hand and heart. The sensible girl naturally tried to persuade him of his folly, and asked him how he could support a wife?

But Fritz had his answer cut and dried. "I have a little," he rejoined, "and you, too, my dear girl, could have three times much as myself, if you only wished."

"I am curious to know what you mean," Sophie remarked.

"Well, your father says that the baron owes him his dues for the last ten years. That would make, at the rate of sixty bushels per annum, 600 bushels, worth, at the present price of grain, about 800 crowns. With that and my little savings, we could manage. We would take a farm in the neighborhood if I was not much assistant to my father, as I expect, and could live happily."

But Sophie rejected this idea with a smile, and expressed her opinion "that the young man could sooner shake down wheat from the beech-trees than her father get his eye from the baron."

Still the plan continually occurred to her. She begged her father to make an earnest demand for his dues to the baron; for if he were to die, and she be left a poor unprotected orphan, the hard-hearted and arrogant man would not give her a shilling more in his money or money's worth. Still the old man would not consent, though she renewed her entreaties repeatedly.

The next Sunday, however, the forester turned the conversation to the same subject, whence it may be presumed that his son had opened his heart to him. But it was of no avail. The old man trembled even if he heard the baron's name, and said, earnestly and simply: "It would be of no use; I have tried to do so many times. But the Lord is judge of all things."

"That's all very good," the forester replied; "but I don't see what your daughter will have to live on, if you were to quit the world this day or the next. Lay a complaint against the baron, unless he listens to your reasonable demands."

The old man shook his head and sighed, upon which the former continued: "Well, then I must reveal something to you, pastor; my Fritz is ashamed to do it himself."

At these words the young folks turned as red as cherries, and Sophie ran out of the room. Fritz stopped, it is true, but did not dare to raise his head, when his father proceeded to say: "My Fritz here and your daughter would gladly get married; but as they want the main thing, and I do not know whether the boy will succeed me, you could make the young couple happy if you would send in a complaint against the baron, and force him to pay you either the corn or the money. Then we would take a farm for them."

"I never heard a word of this before," my old predecessor here remarked, "and do not know a better answer to give you than one from the bible: 'We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth.'"

Our Fritz now regained both his heart and his feet. He ran out of the room, and on this occasion, his power of persuasion must have been very great, for he returned in a few minutes, hand in hand with the blushing girl.

"My daughter," the old man said to her, "what am I forced to hear? You never kept anything from me before, and now have made a secret of the most important thing—that you wished to be married. Is that really true, Sophie?"

"Yes, father," she replied without affectation, "if we only knew what we should have to live on; for without some certainty, I have always told Fritz, the marriage cannot take place."

Fritz now gained heart too, and said: "But the pastor has our future welfare in his own hands; for if you were to complain against the baron, it would be very strange if you did not get your own."

The old man, however, replied after repeated representations: "I will sleep on it."

He would probably have done so for the rest of his days, if his dear daughter had left him in peace. But it seemed to him almost a crime to proceed straightway to a plaintiff, and an encroachment on the reverence he fancied he owed to his patron. He made one attempt more on the part of conciliation, and begged the baron, in writing, and most respectfully, to pay him his dues owing to him for nearly ten years, at the same time apologizing very humbly for making the request on this occasion before Michaelmas, because his daughter designed to alter her condition of life.

Of course the latter knew nothing of this confidential remark, which afterwards cost her so many tears, or else she would have protested against it solemnly. But the patron acted in the usual way; whether Michaelmas or not, he did not pay the slightest attention.

The old man was at length forced to bite into the sour apple, and yield to the repeated entreaties of his daughter. He sent in a complaint against the baron, and by his daughter's special solicitation, not merely asked for his dues, but also complained about the wretched dilapidation in which the rectory was, about which repeated useless petitions had been sent to the harsh man, who allowed his preacher to live worse than his daily laborers. It is true that this was not done without a severe struggle; but as Sophie at length represented to him that the baron would be equally embittered whether he laid one or two complaints before the authorities, he seemed at last to allow the truth of this, and wrote, though not without begging the baron's pardon for each of his com-

plaints. The result might be anticipated. The chamber, who signed itself at that day, to some purpose, "We, Frederick, by God's grace," entirely shared the king's contemptuous views of the clergy, but not his love of justice towards all—among them, consequently, past-tors. The baron, on being requested to answer his rector's plaint, denied everything, asserted that he had always paid his dues regularly, and that this highly insulting charge could only be explained or excused by the fact that the old man was quite childish, and did not know what he said or wrote. He ought, at any rate, to have produced his witnesses; but far from doing so, or being able to do it, the old lack-brains had apologized to him, his patron, in a fashion that would furnish a very poor notion of the honesty of his fancied claim. His complaint about his house was equally false; for, though it was no palace, it was still habitable enough.

He had certainly some good reasons to regard his pastor's surprising demands from a much more criminal point of view; for it was shown by the next letter in his handwriting, that he wished his daughter to marry, and was greatly embarrassed about the dowry. Still he would not carry out this idea for the pastor's sake, and would rather ascribe to his age and his forgetfulness, what others perhaps would impute to his villany. Still the authorities would perceive, without it being necessary for him to call their attention to it, that it was high time to dismiss the old man, and he would, therefore, present another candidate as soon as possible.

We may easily foresee the result of this reply. The old pastor was not only refused a hearing and threatened with an ungracious dismissal, but besides, received some reprimands of the very coarsest style, as was the fashion at that time.

"I thought it would be so!" he exclaimed, in the deepest sorrow, "and for that reason I would not write, but you forced me to do so."

The consequence of this painful excitement was a severe illness, to which the old man yielded, not immediately though, but after the forester had come to him and told both him and his daughter, with unfeeling harshness, that all idea of a marriage with his son must be given up, whether he succeeded him or not, for his son could make no use of a portionless wife.

The old pastor only replied to this with a sigh; but his daughter answered instead of him, that this was quite natural, and that she was merely surprised that the forester had not said this only to them, but had before stated publicly in the village—

"If she gets the 600 bushels of rye, my Fritz will take her; if not, the bargain will be broken up."

This had annoyed Sophie so much that she had determined on not being mixed up in this corn transaction, had the result been favorable to her. So much the more she now requested that the whole affair should be broken off, and his son not annoy her again under any pretext.

"That you may be assured of," the forester replied, with equal roughness; "he shan't trouble you again, or if he does, I'll break every bone in his body." Good-by! The Lord strengthen the old man!

Fritz, though, did come again, and that too on the next night, as he did not dare do so by day. He knocked at his beloved's bed-room window; she recognized him immediately in the moonlight, but would not open to him. At length she did so, however, and she heard his complaints, which were accompanied by bitter tears, and with the entreaty that she would remain faithful to him, let things happen as they would.

But she replied boldly: "Fritz, our connection is broken off forever. Farewell, and do not dare to knock at my window again. I will write to your father the next morning. So now, farewell, and may the Lord guide you, and preserve your father to you longer than he will mine to me."

With these words she sighed and closed the window, and spite of all poor Fritz's entreaties, could not be induced to open it again, but went into her father's room, whom she heard sighing and groaning.

On the next morning, however, she was destined to suffer still more. The baron no sooner heard of the old man's illness, than he hesitated to send a messenger to him.

"He would have the goodness to leave his house next morning, for the rectory was going to be pulled down, and a new one erected in its stead."

He naturally answered: "That it was perfectly impossible for him to do so, as he was very ill, and would hardly leave his bed again. He had lived so long in the old house, that he should like to stay in it till his death. The baron would surely be kind enough to let him die there."

But the first messenger was soon followed by another: "The matter could not be deferred; the pastor had made such serious complaints to the Royal Chamber, that the baron could by no possibility delay in sending in carpenters and masons; the house must be given up the next day."

Sophie, however, did not suffer this second messenger to appear before the terrified pastor, but sent to tell the baron that if he could answer it to God and man for driving a dying man out of his house, he might do it. If her father died, though, she would spend her last farthing in avenging his death, even if she had to beg her way to Potsdam.

Of course the baron was not induced by this to alter his views in the slightest; for what could appear to him more ridiculous than this threat? On the next morning a number of carpenters and masons came from the town of U—, climbed, in spite of all Sophie's entreaties, on to the roof, and tiles, beams, and spars soon fell down before the sick man's window.

Sophie attempted to calm her dying father as well as she could, and persuaded him that the baron was going to have the house new roofed; but when the carpenters came in and sorrowfully stated that they must now pull up the flooring, she fainted with a loud shriek at the baron's barbarity, while the compassionate carpenters raised the dying man from his bed, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, placed him in his easy-chair, and carried him out and seated him in the full glare of the sun, by the side of the road. The baron stood with his telescope before the walnut tree; Sophie was still in a fainting fit; and only an old woman had the courage to approach the chair, and throw her apron over the head of the old man, who continually ejaculated—"My eyes! my eyes!"

But almost at the same moment he breathed his last sigh; and when Sophie was at length aroused to life, and rushed to her father with a cry of horror, she only held a corpse in her arms.

Although she asked the clergyman present at her father's funeral how she should act against the baron's unsupportable tyranny, they only shrugged their shoulders; and even if one offered her counsel, it did not appear to her good. Her determination—that the gentlemen disappointed of going to Potsdam and telling her sorrow to the great king, remained firm; then error, and was executed even before she anticipated.

She had, namely, been forced to take up her abode in the barn, into which she had carried her scanty furniture, and cooked her poor food in the garden. For, as she had a year of grace allowed her, and no other place of shelter could be found in the village, she was not able to quit the terrible spot. A few days later some butchers arrived, and she suddenly decided on selling her six sheep, in order to procure money for travelling expenses to Berlin; a matter that had troubled her greatly. But when she made open the door of the dilapidated stable, all the sheep had found their way out, for the stables at the rectory had always been left by the patron in the same miserable condition as the dwelling-house. She therefore sent the maid along the road to look for the sheep, while she herself went in the direction of the baron's garden, to see whether they had found their way thither. The butchers followed her by some divine interposition, for unfortunately, or rather fortunately, she had got into the baron's garden, and were creeping the grass along the flower-beds. Sophie was preparing to drive them out, and called the men to her assistance, when the baron made his appearance, and, in his rage, attacked the poor girl with the lowest abuse.

"What! the infamous creature has the audacity to let her sheep enter my garden. If she dare do it again, I will demand the pound money with my hunting-whip!"

When she fell back at this coarse remark, and replied—"Is it not enough that your grace has robbed my father of his life, but you wish to deprive me of my honor before these strange men?"

The baron vociferated, with a contemptuous laugh—"Ha, ha! your honor! Your father wrote me himself that you had to do with the forester's Fritz, and the herd lately saw the young clodhopper climb in at the window. Your honor!"

Upon this she advanced boldly up to the baron, and said, in a loud voice: "You lie! You are a miserable calumniator, and if justice is still to be found on earth, I will seek it with my last farthing. God help me!"

The baron, however, could no longer restrain his anger; he rushed at her and struck her repeatedly, while assailing her with the coarsest invectives.

The poor ill-treated girl soon made up her mind, and said to the butchers—"You shall have the sheep for the price you offered, although it is very low, but you must come with me to U—, and bear testimony on oath to what you have seen and heard here."

The men consented, and after giving them something to eat, she tied up her best clothes in a bundle, gave the maid charge of the rectory, and followed the men a quarter of an hour afterwards to a neighboring town.

The burgomaster there was an old friend of her father, and like all the rest, detested the proud and tyrannical baron. He gladly heard the testimony of the witness, and swore them to the truth, at the same time sent for the carpenters who were witnesses to her father's death, but expressed his opinion that the journey to Potsdam would be of little service to her, as the baron was an extraordinary favorite of the king, as all the world knew, and his majesty, through his increasing age and weakness, was not in the habit of receiving anybody—more especially women. He would advise her to commence legal proceedings.

This, however, she would not listen to, and only looked about for the herd, that his testimony might also be taken. Besides the herd, the sexton, several preachers of the vicinity, the forester Weiher, and others not immediately subjected to the baron's tyranny, gave their evidence about the owing dues, which at least proved that much—that the deceased pastor had repeatedly asserted that the baron was indebted to him in the dues, for the last ten years.

Several days were occupied in procuring all this; but it was scarce done before Sophie took her seat in the mail, accompanied by the heartiest wishes on the part of the burgomaster, and in six or seven days arrived safely in Potsdam.

But what to do then? She sat and told her landlord, with tears, how she had been treated, and begged his advice. He, however, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "The old gentleman was growing far too peevish; he could not offer her any hope."

But as suffering Beauty has always, up to this day, maintained his power over every uncorrupted heart, the same occurred here. A guest, who was accidentally present, and had been sitting over his beer silently, and as it seemed, without paying any attention, now asked in a cordial tone, if he might look through the man's papers for a moment? Of course she gladly consented, and the man, after casting his eye over them, and finding they perfectly agreed with her statement, became quite the opposite of what he had appeared.

"The rascally baron!" he exclaimed; "it's hardly credible that such villany can take place! But, God willing, dear mammel, I can help you. I am the brother of the royal gardener at Sans Souci, and will go there directly and see what can be done; and you will follow me boldly in an hour. His house is on the right-hand-side after you enter."

With these words the worthy man left the room, while Sophie dried her tears, and with longing eyes followed the minute-hand on the clock. The hour had scarce elapsed, when she trusted her bundle to the landlady, and commenced her walk with the documents beneath her arm. In the garden she found a man as well meaning as his brother.

"But," he said, "if the king is not in a good humor to-morrow morning when he visits the garden, you will have to wait several days, for it would be dangerous to speak to him before. He is accustomed to inspect the large orange and lemon-trees on the terrace every morning about ten o'clock, and when he comes here he expects a little greyhound, who sometimes him except a little greyhound. You must conceal yourself somewhere in the neighborhood, which I will show you beforehand, so that I may be able to make you a sign when it is time to appear. Be perfectly calm, and give short and bold answers; the king likes to see pretty girls, although he is so old. Well, then, I shall see you to-morrow morning at nine o'clock by the latest, dear child."

She took her leave; but it may be easily conceived that the poor girl did not sleep. At the appointed hour she again went timidly to Sans Souci, and after being in some degree cheered and encouraged by the kind gardener, she hid herself behind a large myrtle-tree.

She had been standing there scarce half an hour, when the king, dressed in a plain blue coat, with the celebrated crutch-stick in his hand, and an old shabby chapeau, a tricornes, upon his head, came out of a neighboring alley, and stopped before a splendid orange-tree.

The gardener immediately approached him with great reverence; but while the king was addressing a few words to him, the greyhound had seen the poor trembling girl, and ran towards her with such violent barking that the king noticed it, and cried out to the dog.

Sophie also peeped out from behind the myrtle-tree, and her eyes met. She thought that she would sink into the ground from terror; but this reconnoiter perfectly satisfied the king's poetical feelings.

"Diable, gardener!" he cried with a loud laugh, "you hide your pretty girls behind myrtle-bushes!"

The gardener now had a famous opportunity. He imparted the poor girl's story to the king with brevity but great sympathy; and it was not long before Frederick pointed with his crutch to the myrtle, and called out—"Come hither!"

This naturally increased Sophie's terror; but she became still more alarmed, when the great king faced his great eyes upon her, and said, in a rather harsh tone—"What does she want here?"

She turned pale, and was silent for a moment, but soon collected herself, and gave the reply, which seemed to please the king immensely—"What I, a poor orphan, can find nowhere else—justice!"

The king smiled.

"Well, we'll see: she can give the papers, and come again to-morrow morning. I should never have believed it of the fellow; but several complaints have been already sent in about him. Come to-morrow at this time!"

With these words the great man dismissed her with a kind nod, and on the next morning she did not think of concealing herself behind the myrtle. The king did not keep her waiting long. He approached her with the words: "Why, these are terrible matters! but she can now go home; she shall have justice; and as regards the dues, she need only give the baron this letter. And now she must make haste home, or the burgomaster will find time hang heavily on his hands."

And as she bowed deeply, and received the letter with downcast eyes, the king added—"Apropos, what is her bridegroom's name?"

"Ah! your majesty," she replied, as she became more and more embarrassed, "the marriage is entirely broken off. For, as the father is in doubt whether his son will be appointed to U—, to appoint his son his assistant, as he, the chief forester, had represented him to his majesty as a good woodsman."

Father and son were highly delighted, and all their anxiety was how to restore matters on the old footing with Sophie.

"You must go first, Fritz," the old forester said.

"No, you must go first, papa," said the son, "for you alone broke the marriage off."

The old man scratched his head, and consented to do it, but first sent her a cart-load of dry beech fire-wood, to get her in a good humor.

In short, the end may be anticipated. After Sophie had given the old gentleman a proper lecture, the blood rushed to her face, when Fritz came creeping in half an hour later, and stood bashfully at the door.

"Nearer, nearer, dear Fritz," she cried, as she extended her arms towards him; and when their emotion had subsided, she told them circumstantially all that had occurred to her.

The merriest possible marriage soon followed, about which old Father Frank still has a good deal to say; for, after the baron's death, he immediately entered the forester's service.

"I never met," my friend concluded his narrative, "a more happy and contented couple than they were. They were growing old when I was appointed to the rectory here; but let me visit them when I would, they were always cheerful, happy and gay."

Thus much about Fritz, the forester, and Sophie Thilo, whose modest grave I visited during the afternoon, with my friend, and regarded with much interest. They died fifteen years before, on the same day, and were buried in one grave. Fortunate beings!

the baron, but all were delighted with the courageous preacher's daughter, who behaved, however, as if nothing had occurred, and remained quietly at home. When she heard that the baron was growing daily weaker, she went to U—, and induced the burgomaster to deliver the royal letter personally to the unfortunate man. No one ever learned its contents, but the effect was so great that the dying baron immediately sent to ask her whether she would have the 600 bushels in natura or in money, according to the average of the last six years.

As she preferred the latter, he commissioned the burgomaster to pay her the money immediately, in the presence of witnesses at U—. The next day after he expired.

But in this instance Sophie again acted very cleverly. She begged the burgomaster to summon the faster Weiher as witness, under the pretence that he had lately sworn by all that was good and great that she would never get his eyes told him the contrary. The real cause of this request lay deeper, for the forester repented his sins, when, in a few days after, the hard crowns were counted out on the table in his presence, and Rector's Sophie, as he called her, received the money quite calmly, paid no attention to his grimaces, but made a low courtesy to him on leaving, and packed the heavy bags, one after the other, in a carriage, to deposit them with a clergyman, a cousin of hers, in the neighborhood. At that day it was an immense sum, and many a gentleman would not have felt ashamed about doing a foolish trick, and courting Rector's Sophie.

But what were his feelings, when, in a few weeks after, he received a letter from the Royal forester, with the joyful news "that his majesty had been pleased, on the introduction of Sophie Thilo, the daughter of the Rector of S—, to appoint his son his assistant, as he, the chief forester, had represented him to his majesty as a good woodsman."

Father and son were highly delighted, and all their anxiety was how to restore matters on the old footing with Sophie.

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**FEATHERS!**  
THE subscribers have recently established at Lewiston, a Feather Warehouse, where they cleanse and purify all kinds and descriptions of feathers, which they offer to the public, Wholesale or Retail, at Boston prices.  
Our Feathers are cleaned by a steam process recently invented and entirely new. In the new process, all impurities and offensive smells common to new feathers, are removed. They are put up in neat packages, and are guaranteed to be under our own inspection, and can be sent to any part of the State without damage.  
We invite dealers to give us orders for samples and prices, with assurance that we will give them in return articles that they will be perfectly satisfied with. For the quality and price of our feathers to be clean, and equal in quality to the samples sent.  
Lewiston, Nov. 1852.  
ROSE & LADD.

**IMPORTANT TO YOUNG MEN.**  
BEING aware that there are thousands of young men out of employment, who would desire to enter some light lucrative business, I offer for sale, by retail or by wholesale, many of which have been sold the past year for five dollars apiece, and the whole comprising many different ways to make money. In the sale of these articles alone, I have known young men the past year to make from five to twelve dollars per day. In the manufacture and sale of any one of the articles, no young man of energy and ability can fail to make money.  
Address E. BOWMAN, Boston, Mass., enclosing one dollar, and the whole number of Receipts will be forwarded by mail. No letter taken from the office unless accompanied by Receipt.

**DR. POLLARD.**  
MAY be consulted at the following places, viz:  
Aug. 29, at John Pichman's, Augusta;  
Aug. 30, at Manton House, Kennebec Cross Roads;  
Aug. 31, at King's Wharf, Boston, Mass.;  
Sept. 1, at David Gifford's, Esq., Salem;  
Sept. 2, at T. W. Smith's, Esq., Portland;  
Sept. 3, at N. Kicker's, New Portland;  
Sept. 4, at S. J. Miller's, Waterville;  
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**AT WHOLESALE.**  
5000 LBS. of quality COTTON BATTING in quantity to suit purchasers. Apply to WM. BRIDGE, at the Factory, or at S. J. MILLER'S, Esq., Waterville, Me. Also, at above, WICKING, WRAPPING and CARPET TWINE, Stocking and Tidy Yarns. WM. BRIDGE, Augusta, Aug. 1st, 1853.

**AIR WARMING WOOD FURNACE.**  
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is constantly manufacturing and putting up the celebrated WICKING, for warming all classes of buildings. Having constructed many Furnaces, he can furnish a Furnace for any building, and in the most desirable manner. The design of these Furnaces renders them the best in the market, and they are sold at twenty dollars. The smallest size possesses a large radiating surface, and is capable of heating a larger space than any other furnace. The fuel is not so expensive as that of other furnaces. They have been in successful operation for many years, and have never failed to give satisfaction, and time, and given general satisfaction, and no one has been refused. He will give personal attention to every order. Those wishing for a Furnace, or for a description of the manner of construction, its durability, and power to radiate heat, and compare it with other furnaces, will be glad to see him. E. B. NOBLESON, Boston, Nov. 1st, 1853.

**ROSEMARY AND CASTOR OIL, for the Hair, for sale by R. W. BLACK, No. 1 Market Street.**  
BUTTER SALT—2000 bags extra fine Ground Rock Salt, just received by 29 ELIAS G. HERGE.

**GREAT CURE FOR DYSPESIA.**  
DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S PEPERIN, the true Elixir, for the Field, or for the City, is a most valuable medicine for the cure of all cases of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, or Stomachic Disorders, or all the diseases of the